

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,  
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:  
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,  
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.  
*Hort.* Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.  
*Kate.* Forward I pray, since we haue come so farte,  
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,  
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.  
*Petr.* I say it is the Moone.  
*Kate.* I know it is the Moone.  
*Petr.* Nay, then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.  
*Kate.* Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,  
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.  
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:  
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,  
And so it shall be so for Katherine.  
*Hort.* Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.  
*Petr.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should  
And not vnluckily against the Bias: (run,  
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:  
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:  
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:  
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,  
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?  
Faile louely Maide, once more good day to thee:  
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.

*Hort.* A will make the man mad to make the woman  
of him.

*Kate.* Yong budding Virginitie, faire, and fresh, & sweet,  
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?  
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe:  
Happier the man whom fauourable stars  
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

*Petr.* Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,  
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

*Kate.* Pardon old fathers my mistaking eies,  
That haue bin so bedazzled with the sunne,  
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:  
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:  
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

*Petr.* Do good old grandsire, & withall make known  
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,  
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

*Vin.* Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,  
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:  
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,  
And bound I am to Padua, there to visite  
A friend of mine, which long I haue not scene.

*Petr.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucenio gentle sir.

*Petr.* Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:  
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,  
I may intitle thee my louing Father;  
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,  
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,  
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,  
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;  
Beside, so qualified, as may be seene  
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman: would I  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio.

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,  
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant trauals to breake a left  
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

*Hort.* I doe assure thee father so it is.

*Petr.* Come goe along and see the truth hereof,  
For our first merriment hath made thee ialous.

*Hort.* Well Petruchio, this has put me in heart;  
Haue to my Widdow, and if she forwarde,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be vntoward. Exit.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio  
is out before.

*Biond.* Softly and swiftly sit, for the Priest is ready.  
*Luc.* I see Biondello; but they may chace to neede  
thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

*Biond.* Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,  
and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.  
*Gre.* I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio  
with Attendants.

*Petr.* Sir heres the doore, this is Lucentios house,  
My Fathers beares more toward the Market place;  
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drinke before you go,  
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;  
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

*Gre.* They're busie within, you were best knocke  
lowerd.

Pedant looks out of the window.

*Ped.* What's he that knockes as he would beat downe  
the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucenio within sir?

*Ped.* He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or  
two to make merrie withall?

*Ped.* Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee  
shall neede none so long as I liue.

*Petr.* Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in  
Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-  
ces, I pray you tell signior Lucenio that his Father is  
come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with  
him.

*Ped.* Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and  
here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* I sir, so his mother saies, if I may belecue her.

*Petr.* Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-  
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

*Peda.* Lay hands on the villaine, I belecue a meane  
to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

*Bio.* I haue scene them in the Church together, God  
send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-  
ster Vincentio: now wee are vndone and brought to no-  
thing.

*Vin.* Come hither crackheipe,

*Biond.* I hope I may choose Sir,

*Vin.* Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot  
mee?

*Biond.* Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for  
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer  
see thy Mistris father, Vincentio?

Biond. What

*Biond.* What my old worshipfull old master? yes  
marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

*Vin.* It so indeede. He beates Biondello.

*Biond.* Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-  
der me.

*Pedant.* Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista.

*Petr.* Pree the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of  
this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

*Tran.* Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-  
uant?

*Vin.* What am I sir: may what are you sir: oh immor-  
tall Goddess: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a vel-  
uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am  
vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband  
at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni-  
uersitie.

*Tran.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bapt.* What is the man lunaticke?

*Tran.* Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by  
your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why  
sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank  
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

*Vin.* Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in  
Bergamo.

*Bapt.* You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do  
you thinke is his name?

*Vin.* His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue  
brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and  
his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and  
he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig-  
nior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio: oh he hath murtherd his Master: laie  
hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my  
sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son  
Lucentio?

*Tran.* Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to  
the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge you see that hee be  
forth comming.

*Vin.* Carrie me to the Iaile?

*Gre.* Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bapt.* Talke not signior Gremio: I saie he shall goe to  
prison.

*Gre.* Take heede signior Baptista, least you be con-  
cat'ch'd in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right  
Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Naie, I dare not sweare it.

*Tran.* Then thou wert best saie that I am not Lu-  
centio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*Bapt.* Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haile and abus'd: oh mon-  
strous villaine.

*Biond.* Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him,  
forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

*Luc.* Pardon sweete father.

*Vin.* Lienes my sweete sonne?

*Bian.* Pardon deere father.

*Bapt.* How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vin-  
centio.

That haue by marriage made

While counterfeir supposes bl

*Gre.* Here's packing with a

*Vin.* Where is that damne

That fac'd and braued me in th

*Bapt.* Why, tell me is not th

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd in

*Luc.* Loue wrought these r

Made me exchange my state v

While he did beare my counte

And happilie I haue arrived at

Vnto the wished haue of my l

What Tranio did, my selfe enfor

Then pardon him sweete Father

*Vin.* Ile flit the villaines no

me to the Iaile.

*Bapt.* But doe you heare s

daughter without asking my g

*Vin.* Feare not Baptista, we

but I will in to be reueng'd for

*Bapt.* And I to found the dep

*Luc.* Look not pale Bianca,

*Gre.* My cake is doug, hbur

Out of hope of all, but my shar

*Kate.* Husband let's follow, t

*Petr.* First kisse me Kate, and

*Kate.* What in the midst of

*Petr.* What art thou asham

*Kate.* Mo sir, God forbid, b

*Petr.* Why then let's home

awaie.

*Kate.* Nay, I will giue thee

Loue staie.

*Petr.* Is not this well? com

Better once then neuer, for neu

## Actus Quintus

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio,  
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello G

The Servingmen with

in a Banquet

*Luc.* At last, though long,

And time it is when raging wa

To smile at scapes and perils o

My faire Bianca bid my father,

While I with selfesame kindne

Brother Petruchio, sister Katerin

And thou Hortensio with thy lo

Feast with the best, and welcom

My Banket is to close our stom

After our great good cheere: p

For now we sit to chat as well a

*Petr.* Nothing but sit and si

*Bapt.* Padua affords this kin

*Petr.* Padua affords nothing

*Hort.* For both our sakes I wo

*Petr.* Now for my life Horten

*Wid.* Then neuer trust me if

*Petr.* You are verie sensible

sence:

I meane Hortensio is afeard of y